

PROCESS

Four

UK 3/6
USA 75c.

SEX

LUCIFER

JEHOVAH

SATAN

& THE GREY FORCES

*Three Paths and
a Quagmire*





HUGH MOUNTAIN
 is 21 years old, Jewish, genius, megalomaniac, ex-Oxford University (left in disgust) strong willed, dynamic, brooks no contradiction

Likes : Radio Caroline, cornflakes, other megalomaniacs, work & intensity

Dislikes : Limpness, cowards, liars & moronic intellectuals

Dedicated to the elimination of the Grey Forces

HUGH MOUNTAIN • JEHOVIAN • LUCIFER • HIS ALSATION PUPPY

PROCESS PROFILES

CHRIS DE PEYER
 is 29 years old, English of Swiss origin, ex-architect (abandoned it out of sheer boredom) cool, calm, detached, charming, diplomatic, subtle, ingenious & lethal

Likes : Turks, yachts, money, the sun, blueberry pie, luxury and anarchy

Dislikes : Authority, discipline, parents who perform like baboons, churchmen & other hypocrites

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CHRISTOPHER DE PEYER • LUCIFERIAN • ISAAC • HIS ALSATION DOG



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Likes : Chaos, catastrophes, graveyards lemons, depravity & Boris Karloff

Dislikes : Sweet music, self righteousness, religious idiocy, and Barbara Cartland

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CALEB • SATAN • HIS ALSATION DOG • ISINIAN



ISAC - JESUS

ISAC - JESUS

ISAC - JESUS

THE
PROCESS
THREE



INVEST IN THE END OF
THE WORLD

HOW TO
DISSIPATE FORTUNES

THANK YOU FOR YOUR MAGNIFICENT RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST ISSUE, **PROCESS THREE**, FOR FORTUNES TO DISSIPATE.

HOWEVER WE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY DISSIPATED ALL OF THEM IN ABSOLUTE RECORD TIME AND ARE EAGERLY AWAITING MORE.

IF YOU HAVE NOT QUITE LEFT YOURSELVES DESTITUTE, YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE, YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON US. AND THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL HAVE MILLSTONES OF MONEY HANGING AROUND YOUR NECKS, RELAX, **THE PROCESS** WILL BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO RELIEVE YOU OF THEM.

DONATIONS AS USUAL TO THE TREASURER, **THE PROCESS**,
BALFOUR PLACE, MAYFAIR, LONDON W1

SEX

Humanity
split four ways

The first path is that of the purist, who knows instinctively that sex is a degradation and a humiliation both of himself and of his partner, who finds in it nothing but the most transient of physical pleasures that in no way compensate for the shame and guilt that follow the experience. He knows that the sexual act is a defilement of his purity and a contradiction of his duty.

Then there is the path of the idealists, of those who feel that their fulfilment is to be found in partnership with another human being, and who strive to attain a state of grace and happiness in union with another; whose ideals are spiritual, and who try to use sex as a physical vehicle and expression of their deepest love and highest aspirations of communion.

The third path is for those who feel that in the physical act of sex and in the practice of every carnal pleasure, there lies the only true expression of their personality. These are they who strive to find in sex the opportunity to experience every facet of their being, who test themselves against it in every conceivable circumstance and with a multitude of partners, and who seek their true fulfilment in the physical sensations and excitements that for them only sex can provide.

There is a fourth attitude to sex, which leads nowhere and is not a path to a goal but an endless circuit of repression and frustration. It is the attitude of a person who has sex, but always in moderation; for whom it is more important to be respectable than to test himself in the fires of intensity; who might like to experiment a little more, and secretly envies the experiences of those more courageous than himself, but remains always within the bounds of the reasonable and the rational, clinging always to safety, and avoiding any possibility of the social condemnation that is the experience of all who follow to extremity the urges that they feel within them. In this attitude there is no courage, no idealism, no purity and no true experience of self: only a tepid and insipid limbo where the watchwords are moderation and compromise, and the end-product is spiritual sterility and hidden self-contempt.

Three paths and a quagmire - and everyone can choose ●

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**STEFANIE
POWERS**

**The Girl from
U.N.C.L.E.**

talks to Chris de Peyer

**ONE BIRD
THRUSH
DIDN'T
GET!**

Stefanie Powers came to Process House Balfour Place with her Publicity Agent doubtless fearing a kidnapping attempt by THRUSH. However, we had tuned the automatic phone on the door to Channel D, so that she was perfectly safe. It is rumoured that The Process kidnaps people in taxis, however, since The Girl from UNCLE has her own Mercedes, that was rather out of the question. Seriously though ... → **p.25**

Do you have nightmares about giant bats sitting on top of PROCESS HOUSE?

Do you think members of The Process are brainwashing charlatans? **Do you think The Process is out to get you?**

Are you afraid when you get into a taxi that it has been specially sent for you by The Process?

When you lose something, do you automatically assume that a member of The Process has dematerialised it?

Do you spread rumours that The Process practises voodoo and black magic? **Do you often become ill?**

Are you considerably more interested in your own reputation than your children's welfare and fulfilment?

Have you dedicated your life to destroying The Process? **Do you blame all your troubles on The Process?** **Are you afraid The Process will take over the World?**

Have you exposed The Process on television? **Are you going greyer and greyer with worry?**

Have you at first eulogised about The Process and later slandered it to newspaper reporters? **Do you feel that you have had your mind 'bent' by The Process?**

Are you afraid of alsation dogs? **Do you keep seeing Process symbols everywhere?**

Have you managed to work out where The Process gets its money?

Do you call The Process fascist? **Have you accused The Process of being communist?** **Have you made up your mind whether The Process is fascist or communist?**

Have you wasted a lot of money taking legal action against members of The Process? **Are you a 'qualified' servant of the Grey Forces?**

Have you told lies about The Process? **Are you becoming more and more accident prone?**

Have you made a contribution to the files on The Process held by MI 5, Interpol and CIA, etc.

Would you love to be able to accuse The Process of taking drugs and of having orgies?

Have you made up your mind whether The Process is evil and dangerous, or wellmeaning, misguided and ineffectual?

Have you attended meetings to plan the downfall of The Process?

Have you petitioned the Minister of Health to instigate an enquiry into The Process? **Have you asked Scotland Yard to investigate The Process?**

Are you plagued by nightmares?

Do you think that THE PROCESS is inspired by the Devil?

Are you under the impression that God is a member of The Process?

Do you tell people that the reason why members of The Process are so nice is in order to lure victims into the net?

Do you ever see The Process symbol as a swastika? Are your nerves in poor condition?

Do you find it hard to talk about anything but The Process?

Are you convinced that members of The Process are power-lusting megalomaniacs?

Have you decided whether members of The Process are incredibly stupid or diabolically brilliant?

Do you tell people that The Process is nothing but a gigantic confidence trick?

Do you sleep badly?

Are you convinced that members of The Process get inside your head and control your actions?

Do you have regular nervous breakdowns because of The Process?

Do you attribute evil powers to The Process?

Do you feel persecuted by The Process?

Do you feel we're laughing at you?

The Process Paranoid's Course is our most successful course. However, out of the kindness of our hearts and from purely altruistic and humanitarian motives it is quite free. It is not even required that you attend these premises. In fact, we prefer that you do not.

For students of this Course we have a carefully selected list (available on request) of eminent, qualified psychiatrists noted for their liberal use of drugs, ECT (electro-convulsive therapy) and in extreme cases, where these gentler methods proved ineffective, prefrontal lobotomies.

We sincerely hope that everyone who qualifies for the Paranoid's Course, by answering 'Yes' to at least three of the above questions, will in the near future avail himself of the services of one of these highly reputable gentlemen.

Take advantage of this fantastic offer

NOW. THE PROCESS PARANOID'S COURSE

PERSONAL SESSIONS

THE PROCESS offers personal sessions to those who are dissatisfied. If you see yourself in what you read below, then contact the Session Supervisor at Balfour Place.

IN the dark chasms of the mind, chaos. Buried deep within, beneath a blanket of grey intellect, perpetual conflict.

OUT of the night, as though from nowhere, pain. Out of the gloom, frustration. Indecision waits at the next crossroads. Fear at every corner. Disappointment lurks in the shadows, springs out and walks with us for a while in hurtful silence. Uncertainty on every doorstep as we hurry past. Despair seems not far off. Guilt, a constant companion, pricks us from behind. A mist of boredom hangs about us. There's doubt again. We take the easy way, someone is hurt and guilt turns his knife in the wound. God? What's that? I think we knew Him once. No longer; too many streets and houses in between. We search a little without hope. Somewhere in the darkness ahead of us death makes a hollow sound, reminding us our turn must come. And then what? Oblivion? Eternal pain? A greater joy? We find that hard to believe. Perhaps just more of the same in a different way. Who knows?

Hurry. So much to be done. But why? What for?

OUT of the night, as though from nowhere, pain. Out of the gloom, frustration. Indecision waits at the next crossroads. Fear at every corner . . .

IS there no way out, no escape from the vicious circle, no way to exorcise the lurking demons of our troubled souls? Are we shackled for ever to these strangers of the dark? Or is there, some where, if we can find the switch, a light that floods the murky corners of the mind, reveals the shadowed faces from the pit, and casts them out?

THE PROCESS
BALFOUR PLACE
MAYFAIR W.1.
TEL: 01.493.4741/2

SEX THE GODS & THE GREY FORCES

Three paths and a quagmire.
Who is strong enough to follow one of
the paths?
Who is fool enough to fall into the quagmire?

The Grey Forces hold sway, but **THE GODS**
are returned to recruit their armies for
the **END**.
The pendulum swings.

Three paths and a quagmire.

On the following pages an 'Advocate'
puts the case for each.

LUCIFER

JEHOVAH

**THE
GAME
OF THE GODS**

SATAN

THE GREY FORCES

THE GREY FORCES



Sex is rampant. It covers the earth in the spawn of the rejection of God. Time was that the procreation of the species found favour in the eyes of the Lord God Jehovah, but that time is past. Man has used sex to degrade himself and his partner, and to substitute the love of human kind for the love and adoration of God. Man cannot take responsibility for sexual relationship and has made of it nothing but a distractor from the source and essence of his being. There are many kinds of sex, and all of them are a perversion. Mere lust and **gratification** of the physical senses leads to nothing but guilt and fixed attention upon the physical at the expense of the spiritual. The pursuit of sex in the degradation of self and in the attempt to prove validity by the mere repetition of performance, leads to nothing but guilt and the corruption of all the faculties of man. This is the path of self-destruction in the wilful occlusion of the light of God. Sex for the procreation of children is not for the glory of God, but for the validation of self in pretended self-creation, and this too leads to nothing but guilt compounded in the futility of protest.

Sex was given to man that he might worship God with all his being and with all his attributes. But that is not how man has used sex. He has used it to fortify his rejection of God, to justify his alienation by proving to himself his own capacity to create in his own image, to degrade and defile himself in the eyes of his God, and finally to destroy himself in the Satanic pit of corrupt, filthy and ignominious excrescence.

Sex is death. It is the incumbent of the Devil. It is the focal point of man's rejection, the effort to **propagate** his species in the denial of God. It is the attempt to couple with another human in the exclusion of God. It is the defilement of purity. It is the great tempter, the big denier, the alluring road to happiness that leads down to the vortex of sick satiation and the gluttony of a spirit insensible to the light. It is the symbol of the physical, the perverter of man. It is the illusion of folly, the yardstick of decadence. It is the tormentor of the soul and the magnet of desire. It is the blasphemy of the foolish, and the corruption of the weak. It is the destroyer of strength, the substitute of inadequacy.

The validation of God is Life, and the validation of man is Death. From God did man come, and in God is his **Life**. In himself and for himself man carries nought but Death. Thus sex for self and sex for another human - all of it is Death. And now, as the world goes to its final doom, Jehovah decrees "Expiate or Die" ●





What is your dream?

Is it a vision of a garden? Eternal summer and the sweet smell of flowers, the sound of birds and rippling water. And in the garden, undisturbed, untroubled by the frantic agonies of busy people, the perfect union between man and woman. The garden belongs to them and they belong to one another, and for them, fulfilment and divine perfection.

And in your dream do you feel the joy of their undying love? Do you sense the ecstasy of endless, boundless harmony? No guilt, no shame, no lurking fear of disenchantment. Only the soft and gentle joys of quiet self-indulgence.

And are you one of this idyllic pair?

And do you move together amongst the trees, your golden bodies naked in the sun, swim in the shallow pools of cool, clear water, watch animals, unfearful of you, playing, lie resting in the long grass, and sometimes in the shade make gentle love, caress each other, smile, and then embrace and find sweet rapture in a mutual passion carried to its blissful culmination.

And is strife unknown between you; resentment, irritation, boredom, disillusionment, all meaningless concepts left far behind in a bustling world of worthless worries? For you, no fear, no troubles, no regrets, no mystery nor lurking pangs of nagging conscience, no quarrels, no secrets from each other. But a perfect understanding, a harmony that scarcely needs the words to give it substance. All inclination, all desire, shared. No ugliness, no degradation, no horror, no indignity. For all is beauty. And you, both beautiful, and each to the other the very soul of superhuman loveliness. You gaze at one another, never tiring of the sight, the sound, the feel of one another, willing to stay for all eternity absorbed in one another.

And in your dream the days go by uncounted, unregretted. For you time stands still in your garden of delight. There is light and the warming sun, and you lie beneath it relaxed and free of care. And then the cool evening, soft shadows and an all-pervading golden sunset. And the close darkness of night. And always you are together and always your love binds you; binds your hearts, your minds, your souls, your bodies into an



indivisible unity. You are two and yet one, parts and yet joined together as a whole. And the fusion of your beings is complete.

You have sought for your God and found Him, not in the vast abstract universe, nor in the pain and suffering of expiation; not in silent isolated contemplation of the so-called good, nor in communion with obscure philosophers and mystics. No, you have found Him where He is, in the joining together of two beings, male and female, man and woman. You have cast aside the barriers of fear and guilt and shame, eliminated all hostility, resentment, jealousy and petty rivalry, merged one with the other in every aspect of your existence, and become one soul, exhilarated in its transcendence of all human wrong, one mind, swift and carefree in its perfect harmony, and one body, ecstatic in its exploration of strange and wonderful delights.

For your dream is no myth.

Attend Lord Lucifer!

Serve Him with unfailing loyalty and your path to Eden is assured. He alone holds the keys to paradise regained. He alone has the power to give you the perfect union you desire. He can give you the noble dignity of all-embracing love; not the human parody you see around you, the pale grey shame-faced shadow of inhibited compromise, but the true god-like unity of Eve and Adam as they were.

Give Lucifer your mind, your body and your soul, and He will make your dream reality. He will give beauty to your life; exaltation, endless pleasure, boundless joy, eternal warmth and happiness. He will take away the loneliness of isolation, lead you from your hiding place where you go mad with nothing but your own drab company. Follow Him and find truth in the fusion of yourself with another. Follow Him and stand proud beside your counterpart whom He shall give you. Let Him wash away all pointless guilt, all worthless fear, all futile shame, rid you of all embarrassment and the crippling bonds of self-restraint. And let Him bind you to your love. And then stand fearless and unbowed, a welded unit of combined nobility. And Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, shall lead you to your paradise.

But choose. The time is short. Attend Lord Lucifer●





Come on a journey.

Night. A busy street, bright lights and hurrying people. Exotic music filled with a heavy sexual undertone drifts up from dim smoke-filled cellars, where dancers scarcely move but feel, with senses heightened by alcohol, the warmth of one another.

You stand in a dark alley. A woman stands before you, her back to the wall. You hold your overcoat to cover you both, whilst within she expertly manipulates her hands deft and cool, and her body warm and full of passionate response. You move together and feel not only pure physical delight, but also the thrill of the risk of being caught in the act. You can see people passing in the street not far away, as swiftly and in rhythmic ecstasy you gamble. And win; no one has seen you.

Is that your pleasure? Or is it here? A club where you and others sit watching shadows on a screen; two people making love in strange positions, slowly at first with gentle weaving movements, then faster till the final moment comes. Or would you rather be in a dingy brothel? Men and women round you, naked and busy in their various ways. A woman with huge breasts, presses herself against you, smiles at you lecherously, strokes you. You smell the heavy odour of her body and respond. On the floor two other women wrestle in feigned antagonism, sweating, grunting, heaving. You watch them.

Is that your fancy? Or maybe something else? Perhaps an older woman, grotesquely misshapen, with great hanging breasts, or a cripple, or perhaps a half-wit posturing before you and cavorting. Or would you rather lie supine whilst whores play upon you, their trained and expert bodies moving in a kind of ritual dance, contorting, swaying, posing, all for your pleasure? You watch, delirious, and feel their hands, their legs, their thighs, their breasts, their lips upon you, and more as they perform delicious acts of sensual depravity upon your face and upon your body, till you are almost senseless with the pleasure of it.

Enough of that? A little flagellation now? First watching with others whilst a man, naked below the waist, kneels, and a woman tightly corseted in black and wearing tall leather boots beats him with a bunch of thongs, bringing up

red weals upon his buttocks. And you gaze in fascination, utterly absorbed, and aching with anticipation awaiting your turn. And when it comes, you kneel. You hear the woman's heavy breathing, smell the sweat of her body as she moves preparing to strike you, and smell also the leather of her boots and of the thongs she holds. You wait for the delicious pain.

Or do you prefer a touch of necrophilia? Come then to a room all draped in black. Coffins line the walls. On marble slabs, like bodies in a morgue, lie several naked women, alive yet painted to seem dead. You stand beside a slab, reach out your hand and touch the pale body upon it. It's cold. It doesn't move. The eyes are closed, you feel the atmosphere of death as you stroke the woman and then lie upon her. Still she is motionless.

Or would you rather death itself? Come then. A cemetery. Still night, but this time no one but you and a woman of your choice, moving silently between the graves and tombs. No fear of discovery here, amongst the dark deserted resting places of the dead. You stand together near a clump of yew trees, feeling the sinister graveyard atmosphere and the excitement of anticipated desecration. No shielding overcoat required here. Both of you throw off the needless coverings that for society's squeamish sake you wear in public, and stand exposed to the warm night and ghostlike air of sweet decay. Then you walk again between the gravestones, performing upon them acts of desecration, each whilst the other watches in delight. Then you climb upon the highest tombstone, the resting place of some rich pompous dignitary, and in the dark, over his venerable head, you stroke your woman's body, lie upon her, lie beneath her, wallow in a furious, passionate, sweating, groaning copulation with every perverted contortion and strange variation. And the watching dead observe you and are silent.

Or is your place within a ruined church high on a hill, no glass in the tall slotted windows, but perfect for the celebration of the Black Mass? The priest in midnight garb, the congregation, men and women unclothed except for the blood red masks upon their faces, stand silent waiting for the presence of their Lord and Master, Satan. A naked girl, fair haired and in the very prime of youth, lies like a

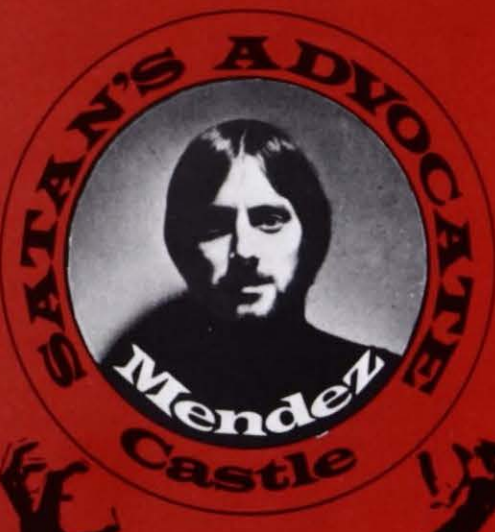
human sacrifice upon the altar, snow white against the black velvet of the altar cloth. Nothing stirs, no sound but the sighing of the wind.

A blinding flash of lightning. A peal of thunder seems to burst within the very walls. No one moves; for no one dares to move. Satan, your God is among you, black and lowering, reeking of evil and the pit. You stand transfixed before Him, knowing you've only just begun to taste the divine degradation that He offers for your pleasure.

So there, my friend, is a fleeting glimpse of Satan's promise to those that follow Him. Take your choice, indulge, explore the very limits. Leave nothing out and use every means of sharpening the senses. Alcohol to set the blood coursing in your veins, narcotics to heighten your feelings to a peak of sensitivity, so that the very lowest depths of physical sensation can be plumbed and wallowed in. The farthest reaches of the body's strange delights must not be passed over. Sink down in the decadence of excessive self-indulgence. Let no so-called sin, perversion or depravity escape your searching senses; partake of all of them to overflowing.

What else is there? What other satisfaction? For always death must come and end the sensual game, and take away the dark forbidden pleasures of the flesh that are the mark of life and the only true means of living. But let him not come before you have lived your life to the full, seen everything, done everything, and felt everything the body is capable of feeling.

There is nothing else now, with the end of man so near. "There is no dialectic but Death, and the Spider weaves over tomorrow." ●



BIRTH →



I think it is true to say that a great deal of emotional nonsense is talked about that controversial aspect of life that we call 'sex'. In this day and age it has become an ogre to many people, whilst others build it up into something that is the be-all and end-all of everything. Of course it is neither of these things. Such attitudes must be born of neuroses or psychoses of one kind or another, as is most extremism and exaggeration of what we know to be the facts.

And what are the facts in the case of sex? The facts are that sex is a perfectly normal, ordinary, unexceptional human faculty. Of course it is a powerful and deep-rooted urge, but fundamentally it is just another part of our mechanics of survival. We must survive; that is what our lives are all about. So we feed our bodies and we rest them periodically with sleep. Similarly we propagate ourselves through the medium of sex. The sex urge

is basically nothing much more than a very strong impulse that drives us to procreate. Now if we eat too much of the wrong things, we stand in danger of becoming ill or overweight, and if we eat too little, we are likely to become undernourished. If we sleep too much or at the wrong times, the likelihood is that we shall become flaccid, and if we sleep too little, we are liable to become exhausted. And in the same way as there are just the right amounts and the right kinds of food and sleep, so there is the right amount and the right kind of sex. If we have too much or the wrong kind of sex, there is a possibility that we may become dissolute, and if we have too little we may invite frustration. The answer, as always, is in the happy medium; sex, like food and sleep, in moderation.

But, of course man is human and, therefore, fallible, so that is not by any

means the end of the story. If he had the perfect upbringing, the perfect amount of parental love and understanding, he would have far fewer problems about sex. He would experience it according to the proper 'diet', as it were, and not make a great issue out of it. But his upbringing is seldom perfect and as a result his attitudes are often distorted.

Sometimes the perfect upbringing is not even within his parents' capabilities. For instance a child whose mother's milk is too thin during breast feeding (and how can a mother help that?) would tend to grow up seeking a substitute and perhaps be drawn to women with large bosoms, thinking unconsciously, of course, that in them he could find what as a baby he had been deprived of. Such a perverted view of sex might well lead him into serious trouble and distress.

Another very alarming aspect of the problem is that many children feel so insecure in childhood that their instinct is to crawl back into the womb. Hence again a search for a substitute in later life, and on the part of the male this can result in a forlorn search, again unconscious, for a female who will receive into herself not only his sexual organ, but his whole body and his personality as well.

Then, of course, there are the pressures of sibling rivalry, bad toilet training and countless other complexes, the effects of which, when carried into adult life can well play havoc with the sexual balance. And finally there is the search for a replica of the mother in the case of the boy, and of the father in the case of the girl. Generally the search is fruitless and in extreme cases can sometimes turn into promiscuity, the girl going from man to man hoping to find an exact duplicate of the one who gave her life, and the boy going from woman to woman looking for the image of the one who brought him into the world.

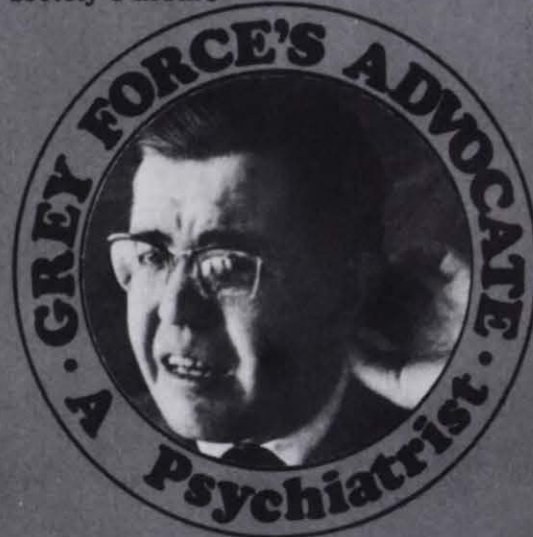
And so it goes on. And it becomes clear how, what amounts to little more than a simple bodily function, can be built up into something of great importance in a person's mind.

Now Society, the TRUE father figure, tries to find the norm, the balance, the compromise. The code of society attempts to take into account most of the various facets of the problem. It is the synthesis that springs from thesis and antithesis. If we follow the unwritten laws of society - and the written ones, of course - we cannot go very far wrong. For strange as it may seem, society generally knows better than the individual, because it contains the combined wisdom of all the wisest individuals, so to obey its rules is to walk along the path of steady progress.

As with most things, society teaches us moderation where sex is concerned. A balanced 'diet' and a healthy one. By all means have sex, but remain within the bounds of convention. To go outside it may seem like adventure, it may provide some transitory added thrills and excitements, but in the long run it usually leads away from the path that man should take as a whole towards a rational ethical way of life, in which science and reason make the laws and the emotions are subservient to the intellect.

Therefore, it is the job of the state in general, and of the psychiatrist in particular, to make every endeavour to influence both the unfortunate person

who finds himself unable to fit into the accepted codes and moral standards of society, and also the rebellious extremist who refuses to conform to these standards, cannot be controlled by sound argument and common sense, and insists on trying to set the world on fire thereby becoming a thorn in the flesh to society by encouraging others to deviate from the safe middle path. We must try to show these people the source of their rebellion or incapacity to conform, through the hitherto lost memories of early childhood, explain to them the reason for their need to deviate, and thus bring them back onto the road of social conformity, or at least to a point of giving the outward appearance of such conformity, in order to help uphold society's norms.



Three paths and a quagmire. Where do you belong?

Are you JEHOVAH'S man, taking the stringent road of purity and rejoicing in the harsh strength of self-denial?

Do you follow LUCIFER, pursuing the ideal of perfect human love in a blissful atmosphere of sweet self-indulgence?

Is SATAN your master, leading you into dark paths of lust and licentiousness and all the intricate pleasures of the flesh?

Or do you take the road to nowhere, half in half out, half up half down, your instincts and ideals buried in a deep morasse of hypocritical compromise and respectable mediocrity?

Three paths and a quagmire. And time is running out.

Prison

- 1 Serve ten year sentence. Miss a turn.
- 2 Misconduct with fellow prisoner. Solitary confinement. Move to ISOLATION.
- 3 Suppress all natural instincts. Join R. C. CHURCH
- 4 Try to commit suicide. Go to HOSPITAL.

Divorce

- 1 Ever hopeful. Marry again. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.
- 2 Swear never to get involved again. Move to ISOLATION.
- 3 Decide monogamy is for the birds. Move to PROMISCUITY.
- 4 Feel totally inadequate. Overcompensate. Move to RAPE.
- 5 Assault co-respondent. Move to PRISON.
- 6 Leave the past behind you. Move to THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

Marriage Phase Two

- 1 Go mad with boredom and frustration. Move to PSYCHIATRIST.
- 2 Come to end of tether. Move to DIVORCE.
- 3 Give up in despair. Sleep in separate rooms. Move to ISOLATION.
- 4 In a fit of fury murder spouse. Go to PRISON.
- 5 Suppress everything and die of total stagnation. Move to DEATH & GET REBORN.
- 6 Accept own depraved nature. Leave spouse and indulge in every conceivable promiscuous perversion. Join SATAN'S GAME.

Promiscuity

Describe your ideal partner

3 Eulogise on the pleasures of gentle self-indulgence

Gently mock sexual boorishness of other players

4

Tempt everyone with a description of the delights of delicate sex

5

LUCIFER'S GAME

Strike suitable posture and say these words : "I hereby swear allegiance to the LORD LUCIFER"

6

Isolation

2

1 Explain the reasons for your chosen alignment with LUCIFER

1

Describe a world ruled by SATAN

5

Strike suitable posture and say these words : "I hereby swear allegiance to the LORD SATAN"

SATAN'S GAME

Reel off fifteen obscene words one after the other. No repetition allowed.

4

Roman Catholic Church

- 1 Can't make love to spouse for fear of having twelfth child. Move to ISOLATION.
- 2 Fail to confess that you fancy Priest. Move to PSYCHIATRIST.
- 3 Strew contraceptives over altar. Excommunicated. Move to PERVERSION.
- 4 Make obscene gestures at nuns. Excommunicated. Move to PERVERSION.
- 5 Assault choir boy in vestry. Excommunicated. Move to PRISON.
- 6 See the utter hypocrisy of the whole R. C. performance. Move to THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

- 1 Decide to conform. Go steady.
- 2 Decide to conform. Go steady.
- 3 Terrified of any kind of emotional involvement. Go steady.
- 4 Choose a life of purity and to conform. Go steady.
- 5 Entranced by visions of Garden of Eden. Join LUCIFER'S GAME.
- 6 Decide to expose the whole R. C. performance. Move to THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

THE DEAD

Marriage Phase One

- 1 Wife frigid or husband impotent. Seek satisfaction elsewhere. Move to PROMISCUTTY.
- 2 Totally disillusioned. Move to DIVORCE.
- 3 Totally disillusioned but suppress it and plough on. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE TWO.
- 4 Sex deadly dull. Move to PERVERSION.
- 5 Have children, settle down and be respectable. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE TWO.
- 6 Visualise perfect relationship with ideal partner. Join LUCIFER'S GAME.

Rape

- 1 Act on impulse. Go to PRISON.
- 2 Keep it in the family. Move to PSYCHIATRIST.
- 3 Channel it. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.
- 4 Suppress it. Miss a turn.
- 5 Feel terrible sense of guilt afterwards. Join R.C. CHURCH
- 6 Enact it with impunity. See the absurdity of all sex. Join JEHOVAH'S GAME.

Hospital

- 1/2 Cured. Return to previous square.
- 3/4 Made worse by new 'wonder' drug. Miss a turn.
- 5/6 Killed by new 'wonder' drug. Move to DEATH & GET REBORN.

Explain the reasons for your chosen alignment with JEHOVAH

Deliver a one minute harangue, slaughtering sex. Must make other players cringe.

Describe your superiority, strength and power over other players.

Must make them feel inferior.

JEHOVAH'S GAME

Strike suitable posture and say these words: "I hereby swear allegiance to the LORD JEHOVAH"

Give seven reasons why sex is an abomination in the eyes of JEHOVAH

Flagellate yourself with any suitable instrument as expiation for not renouncing sex sooner.

Explain the reasons for your chosen alignment with SATAN

Deliver a one minute 'hard sell' of depraved sex. Must make other players drool.

Childhood

- 1 'Normal' upbringing. Accept all parents' values. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.
- 2 Rebel against parents' rigid puritanism. Move to PROMISCUTTY.
- 3 Rebel against parents' liberal Humanism. Join R.C. CHURCH
- 4 Sibling rivalry, mother's milk too thin and bad toilet training. Move to PSYCHIATRIST.
- 5 Attempt to seduce aged grandparent. Sent to remand home. Move to PRISON.
- 6 Detach from whole morasse. Move to THRESHOLD OF LIFE.

fresh Life

- Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.
not to conform. Move to PROMISCUTTY.
Move to ISOLATION.
tal abstinence. Renounce sex. Join JEHOVAH'S GAME.
ME.
rience every possible kind of carnal pleasure. Join SATAN'S GAME.

Perversion

- 1 Get done for indecent exposure. Go to PRISON.
- 2 Indulge to excess. Flake out. Go to HOSPITAL.
- 3 Photographed at an orgy stark naked and climbing up the wall. Move to DIVORCE.
- 4 Meet equally kinky partner. Become a whole-hearted convert. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.
- 5 Develop a twisted network of totally insoluble problems. Move to PSYCHIATRIST.
- 6 Read Marquis de Sade. Join SATAN'S GAME.

Lust

- 1 Indulge it liberally. Can't cope. Move to PROMISCUTTY.
- 2 Feel ashamed. Move to RAPE.
- 3 Lose control of it. Move to PSYCHIATRIST.
- 4 Indulge it. Still not satisfied. Move to PERVERSION.
- 5 Commit indiscretion indiscreetly. Move to DIVORCE.
- 6 Indulge it to the limit and discover it's hollow. Join JEHOVAH'S GAME.

Love

- 1 Keep it legal and conventional. Move to ISOLATION.
- 2 Flee in terror. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.
- 3 Be rejected. Become embittered. Move to PROMISCUTTY.
- 4 Can't wait. Move to LUST.
- 5 Rationalise it out of existence. Miss a turn. Join LUCIFER'S GAME.
- 6 Fall in love. Experience supreme happiness. Move to MARRIAGE PHASE ONE.

THE GAME

If you have played JOB (PROCESS 3), play RAPE the same way. If not, place counters on BIRTH and throw the dice in turn. Follow the instructions on the board, according to the number thrown. If you join one of the INNER GAMES you progress by fulfilling the requirements of the GAME rather than by throwing the dice. If you fail (other players will tell you if you have failed) move back to the OUTER GAME. If you reach DEATH move on to BIRTH. If you reach HOUSE & let us know.



THE PROCESS
XTUL
MEXICO



FAIL

God created man in his own image
He then created woman to be his tester.

He gave them union.

The test.

To see how fast his second creation could bring about
Man's downfall.

She employed lures, baits, traps.
She made man lust after her.
She drew him away from his God.

She persuaded him he was like God.
She gave him herself.
She made him her God.
And he became a God unto himself.

In making him her God
He became a God unto himself,
All powerful, potent, virile, creative.
He was like God,
And he was fooled.

The scene is set,
Jehovah broods,
Satan awaits the day
When he will fill to overflowing
His cavernous personage.

The key is here - but who shall take it?
The Vengeance is soon.
The foul will burn forever in eternity
And God will smile, for it is as he ordained ●

GERALDINE
BROWN

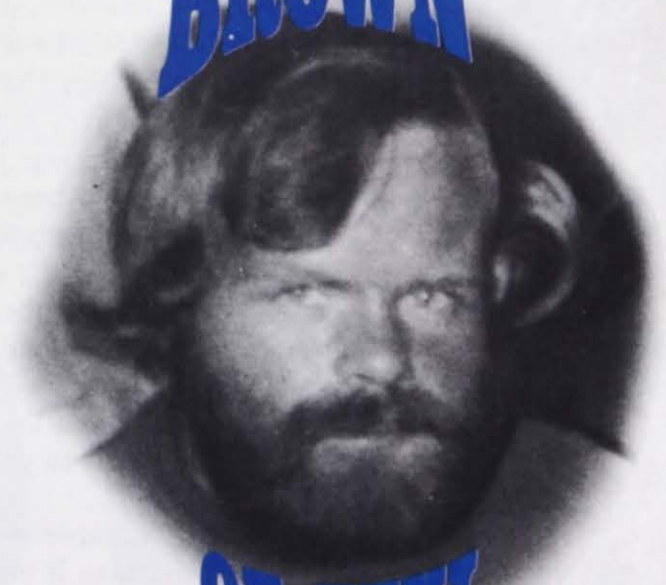


OF XTUL

CONDEMNATION

I can see thee, Man
And long have heard untold false piety,
Spew from thy mouth.
Dost thou think, I know not the truth
Behind thy fawning words.
Listen well, lowest of the low,
For now the time has come to give back to me
The Talents which I once gave to thee.
Look well upon the greatest gift in all creation,
And see what thou hast done
In order not to praise and worship Me.
Thou hast smeared with black perversity
That which was once the Holy Temple of thy God
Thy human form,
With unequalled desire to degrade My Name
Thou created Me in Thy image
And worshipped naught but thyself.
Degraded beast!
For this is what thou hast now become
The stench which thou createst
In thy vile act of desecration
Is now all that thou canst ever create
For I have long taken from thee
The Sacred Fire of Scorpio,
Thy children's children, will spawn for thee,
The future temples of thy next birth.
Black, torn and twisted will be thy future form,
The Sun will scorch thy flesh, not warm thee
The Moon will freeze thy bones
And send thee Mad.
And pounding in thy ears for all eternity
Shall thou hear my condemnation ●

FREDERICK
BROWN



OF XTUL



worldly goods and worldly possessions and you start chasing to keep up with the Jones and you imagine things that aren't there. I earn fortunes and I don't spend eight pounds a week actually, because my pleasures are the wind, the sea and the sky.

How do you feel other people see you?

Take you lot, you are regarded as weirdies. You have, I'm sure high aims, but you still are looked at as weirdies, because you present a certain picture, rather like I look when I'm working, and they think of me as a weirdie. I've got to stand for it, so you've got to stand for it. It helps my cause to be a weirdie, the question is, does it help your cause to be a weirdie? If so, let us move forward weirdie-fashion together then, to greater heights.

What do you feel most strongly about?

Girls. I feel that they don't realise that I am here and available. When I see lovely young ladies walking about that don't take advantage of me, I think they are missing a great thing

I find it more difficult to destroy morals these days than ever before in my career, or maybe it's because I'm using the wrong 'After-shave'.

Are you moral?

I would say that I am highly moral during the day, and even higher moral during the evening, but of course we won't say anything about night-time, because that is when all real wolves like myself rise from the darkness and leap about causing mayhem left and right.

What do you feel about marriage?

I think it would be a marvellous thing, marriage, but being a kind person I couldn't think of inflicting myself on any poor young lady, 'cos what she would have to put up with would be too much for one human being; therefore, I wouldn't mind marrying five of them 'cos they could share the load.

You must earn a lot of money. Is it important to you?

I think the nearer people get to nature the less it costs them, and the better it is for all concerned. The farther away from nature you get the more complicated life gets with



in their lives. This is why I keep getting my face slapped. Other than that I feel most strongly about getting back to nature, and I'm all for getting back to nature and my case comes up next Thursday●

The Natural
Life
of

JIMMY
SAVILLE

as told to
Jonathan
de Peyer

HOMOSEXUALITY

by
Richard Jannings

Illustrated by some of
History's
Homosexuals

Marriages are an abomination. Every single one of them consists of war between man and woman, with woman striving to possess the man, and enmesh him in the petty trivia of domestic boredom and frustration, which is euphemistically called bliss, and with the man needing to protect himself against her rivalry by striving always to show to her and to himself that in fact he is the conquering and dominant male that somewhere he feels he ought to be. Marriages reek of boredom and monotony, of the endless repetition of the same stultifying performance of work and eat and sleep, of nappies and furniture and HP debt and mortgage interest, so that there is nothing left but frustration and disappointment, and hopes long dead, with sex reduced to an absurd and faintly disgusting repetition of the same old physical contortions. Drabness covers the whole.

Society presumes to condemn the homosexual, and does so with all the self-righteous hypocrisy of the middle-class lecher condemning a tart. For the truth is that all men contain within themselves an element, strong or weak, of homosexuality, and they would do well to recognise and accept the fact. What other explanation could there be for the virulence and fear with which the manifestations of homosexuality are attacked? The strength and bitterness and persistence of those attacks could only spring from the hidden knowledge that the supposedly leprous and shameful taint exists also in those who deliver them. Else why so much protest that it does not?

Small wonder that the homosexual is usually weak and uncertain of himself. What else could he be, with all society ranged against him? But do not confuse the best of homosexuality with the limp wrist of the pansy who flaunts himself in fairy femininity, nor with the lesbian who dresses herself to look like a male, in trousers and tie and masculine demeanour. Such manifestations are also mere protest, designed to hide the uncertainty and insecurity of people who know only too well that their behaviour is condemned by society and over-compensate for their difference by thrusting it down the throats of all with whom they come in contact. The true homosexual relationship can be one of dignity and pride, and free of the guilt and sense of disillusionment that is the inevitable consequence of sexual experience between a man and a woman, no matter how much they may pretend to the contrary. There have been many eras in the past when homosexuality was regarded as perfectly normal and healthy, and recognised to be the natural channel of expression and fulfilment. The ancient Greeks and Romans, for example, are well-known for their homosexual relationships, and there was nothing weak or degraded or effeminate or pansy about them. Throughout history there have been great and respected men, who have shown by the quality and magnificence of their lives that the homosexual relationship breeds dignity and courage, pride and strength, vigour and vitality. Without women to inject their possessive rivalries upon the scene, men can achieve release from the need to prove superiority one over the other, but can develop in mutual trust and with an affection and a love that are not degraded by being limited to the pettiness of domesticity, but with which they can expand and blossom, each secure in the strength of the other, relying upon a bond whose function it is to give rather than demand, so that each may use the other to achieve the complete expression of his personality. **Society, as usual, is wrong.**

Antiochus



Tiberius



T.E. Lawrence



Judge Jeffries



Leonardo da Vinci



Ivan the Terrible



William of Orange



Julius Caesar



Hadrian



Socrates



Warren Hastings



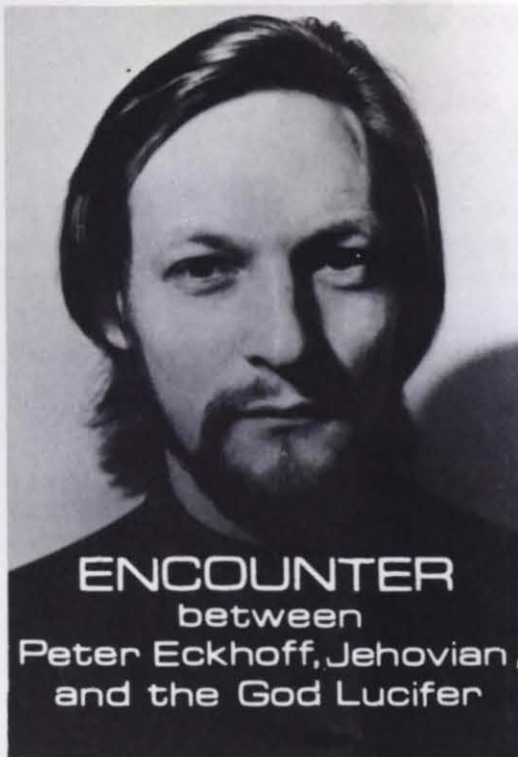
Alexander the Great



Michelangelo



I quote the words of Jehovah's Advocate. "Sex is death. It is the incumbent of the Devil. It is the focal point of man's rejection, the effort to propagate his species in the denial of God. It is the attempt to couple with another human in the exclusion of God. It is the defilement of purity. It is the great tempter, the big denier, the alluring road to happiness that leads down to the vortex of sick satiation and the gluttony of the spirit insensible to the light. It is the symbol of the physical, the perverter of man. It is the illusion of folly, the yardstick of decadence. It is the tormentor of the soul and the magnet of desire. It is the blasphemy of the foolish, and the corruption of the weak. It is the destroyer of strength, the substitute of inadequacy."



ENCOUNTER between Peter Eckhoff, Jehovahian, and the God Lucifer

Ah, come now, it isn't quite like that, you know. Aren't you being a little one-sided? That may be one aspect of sex, but it certainly isn't the whole picture. Sex is fun, such fun. And you say it is death. How can it be? It is life itself, the conveyor of life in the **ecstasy of union**. Surely you must admit that it is so?

Or perhaps you are a little afraid of it? All that thunder and violent condemnation - just have a look behind that imposing facade, my friend. Aren't you running away from part of yourself? Are you really so certain that you have grasped the **WHOLE** truth, and not twisted one aspect of it to justify your retreat from one of the strongest things in you?

If you haven't experienced sex in all its forms, how can you be so certain that you've grasped every aspect of the problem? For I don't deny there is a problem - it's obvious to all of us that there is. And a big one. But you can't solve the problem by running away from it. That would be like a coward preaching the wrongness of war, not because he really feels it to be wrong, but because he is afraid to take up arms himself.

Sex isn't necessarily dirty and degrading you know. If all you've seen of it is failure and degradation, I suggest you take a look at yourself. For sex can be beautiful, glorious, a giving of self in the harmony of fusion and the pinnacle of expression. But we couldn't really expect **YOU** to know that, I suppose. After all, you don't seem to have given yourself a chance to experience that kind of fulfilment. For fulfilment it is, let me assure you. It's all very well to rant and thunder about God and sin and perversion. **But are you really so certain that you know what it's all about? Try it and find out for yourself.**

But you'd have to unbend quite a bit, relax all that frantic tension and self-condemnation. Relax - yes, that's the word. Key to the whole thing, in fact. Relax and be yourself, your full self, and not some impossible monster taking out your own feelings of guilt upon anybody that comes within range of that very impressive voice. Because, you see, if you could just relax, you would find such fulfilment - and that's an important thing for you, I know. And rightly so. These weak-kneed, semi-impotent little people who talk with such restraint and moderation of sex, advocating a little at the right time, carefully planned and always very discreet - no chance of fulfilment there, I quite agree. But you are not like them, you are a strong man, capable of mounting the heights of delight and experiencing the full gamut of everything that sex has to offer. And that's my point - sex has a lot to offer, even that contact with God you talk so much about.

You lie. And you know it. Sex leads not to the fulfilment of man, but to his destruction. You are dedicated to the destruction of humanity, and sex is one of your strongest weapons. The service of Jehovah demands the totality of a being's focus, and there can be no sidestepping to the so-called delights of the flesh.

Sex means attention upon another human being, to the exclusion of God. That has been since Adam fouled it up with Eve, and now it's even worse.

You promise nothing but delusion, a will-o'-the-wisp of pleasure that is never grasped, a picture of delight and awareness and fulfilment that is nothing but a mirage.

You seek to undermine my certainty, to probe for weakness in what you describe as protective armour, but I know to be strength that needs no armour, because it is drawn from the being of Great Jehovah Himself.

You taunt me to experience sex in all its forms. What is there to experience? Nothing but a grunting, heaving, sweating copulation, the rubbing together of flesh in the hot and smelly suck of the pigsty.

Pinnacles of delight, my foot! There may be some transitory physical purgation and achievement, but always there is guilt and remorse before God, and a dwindling of contact with Him.

Oh dear, I'm afraid I haven't made Myself clear enough. You still haven't got the point. Come along and I'll show you a bit more.

See a garden. It is quiet and still, and dusk is falling. The birds are silent and the scent of flowers fills the air.

You are alone, at ease and full of the vigour and strength and alertness of manhood. But, you are alone.

A woman's hand brushes your forehead. She is beautiful, and her eyes comprehend you in complete understanding and with no trace of condemnation or need to criticise or rival. She knows you, and you also know her. Your souls dance out towards one another, in a fusion and harmony of complimentary perfection. Together you explore the nature of each other, with no secrets and no shames, only a gentle curiosity and tender wonderment that is like water to the arid desert of your harsh and lonely nature. All tensions slide away, there is no fear, no anxiety about tomorrow and no regret for yesterday. Only Now, and two beings in unity that composes a greater whole.

Her beauty stirs your soul, your body is on fire, her eyes promise ...

I bet they do! Women's eyes were always promising!

You'll have her stark naked in two seconds, I know, with me caressing the coolness of her limbs, or some such irrelevance.

No. There may be a transitory pleasure and excitement in what you have to offer but it always ends in guilt, humiliation and shame. You can keep it. I made my choice long ago, and I'll stay with the rightness of Jehovah ●

It became clear very quickly that she is a person who is searching and the interview became the story of her search. Only she can say when and if she finds what she is looking for, but this is the story so far.

It began when she left home at seventeen, she is now twenty-four, in search of reality and nearness to death. She turned her back on what she called her 'sterilised' surroundings - the kind where no one dares to be extreme and anger is only expressed with a hiss - and was drawn first of all to the bull-fights. Like most of us she read Hemingway's books and longed to be in on the inside of that harsh mystique. She learned to fight the bulls and the cows too, which may sound strange, but as she explained, cows have the greater courage. "Like men and women" I suggested, and she agreed.

I asked her if she identified with the Flower People, their aims and their ideals. To a great extent she does, but she draws back a little from their knowledge of the end of the World. "A total change, evolution, yes, but the World disintegrating into little bits, no."

Working so much in Hollywood, the graveyard of so many relationships I asked her how she felt about this. "As a young newcomer I found myself giving and giving on the set, and so often nothing would come back. Sometimes I see someone I have known to give and they have stopped and I don't know them any more. It's a game and it depends how you play it. If you play inside the game

Far away in the water of memory your body, as now, begins to cry, not from sadness or pain, but from the need for another body to neutralise that need. Another body that could hold you and soften you when harsh tensions took over, could absorb all the loving you wanted to give, could be home and the end of your searching.

Many times in many lives have you met that body so that you remember it dressed in the clothes of long ago and the rustle and sweep of graceful and elegant dresses. You remember it by the great open fires and coming to you in the old fourposter bed, scented and warm from the bath and the delicate attention of maids.

You remember it under the tropical sun and the warmth and the smell of skin burned brown. You remember that skin when it was white on white sheets, and outside the wind and the rain shook the windows, but inside there was only the whispering.

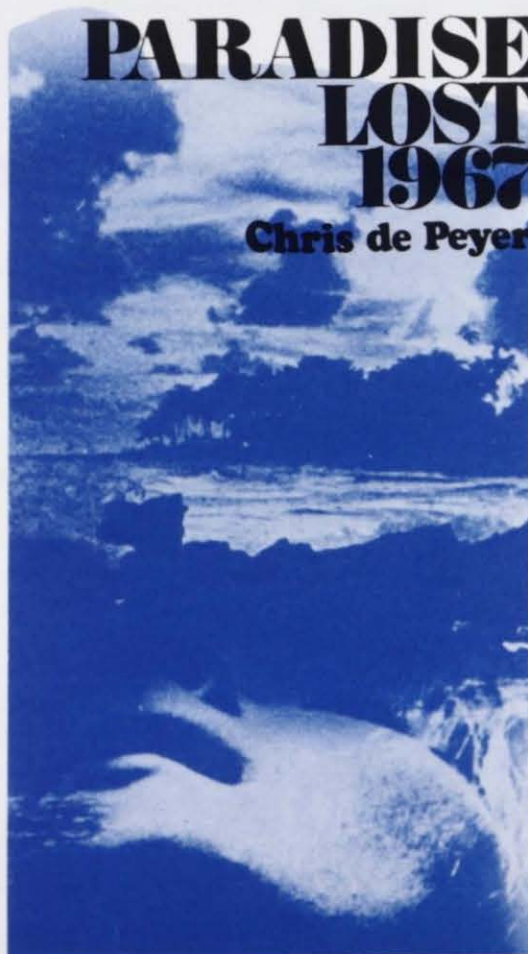
You remember that face and that body. You remember how they spoke to you. You remember that they silenced the endless crying need. You remember that they were



you've had it, but if you can detach, well that's a different matter."

On sex, she said, "It is important to me but equally it has to be right. But then if I say Wilhelm Reich, what more can I say about sex?" I asked her to say how he applied to her. "I am with an analyst who was trained by Reich and saw many of his experiments. Reich's teachings are based on the discovery of the orgone, a kind of energy emitted by the Sun, life energy in fact. This energy can be trapped by accumulators, or gone boxes, which a person can enter in order to receive the energy. Everybody, Reich says, resists this energy. It effects the whole being - for example it effects the whole circulation. When I am out of contact, my hands get cold, but when I'm not, they don't - little things like that. Or you can tell from the muscles if a person is lying. I went once when I was very run down and he made me lie down almost naked while he passed an instrument over me and afterwards I felt totally different - overflowing with energy. That is why I am looking forward to going back by the way. My hands are feeling cold again. If we could

use this energy we would be in a far higher state of fulfilment, mentally, physically and spiritually. Sexual orgasm is an expression of contact with this energy, the fulfilment of sex but obviously it doesn't just apply to sex. We would be walking around having the equivalent of orgasms of awareness, if you follow me." I asked her if she called this life-giving energy God, but she said, "No, I call it The Source"●



life for you and that without them it was better to die.

You remember the eyes that spoke to you in the long afternoons and the voice that spoke to you but said so little by comparison and the sounds you made in answer. You remember the eyes that gave you Lucifer's Kingdom, that gave you the storm and the summer lightning, that gave you the ice and the heat of the Sun, that gave you anger and violence and hurt and crying and pride. You remember those eyes that were never afraid

You remember the movement, the effortless grace and the breathing on your face and the infinitively sensitive fingers.

All these things do you remember for they are burned in your soul and there is nothing at all for you except the searching and the finding and perhaps the losing and finding again. If your body could cry it would be running with tears, for your soul is crying within it. You need and you must find that being for only in those arms can you die and be reborn. That body is the house of your God and you cry that you may remain in the house of your God for ever, never to be reborn except in Lucifer's Kingdom●



CHILD BIRTH

We know it's the fashion now, the latest thing for 'with it' people. That's fair enough, but wait! What tells you, lady, that childbirth's something you should share with your husband, that he should be there to watch you groaning in agony and twisted grotesquely out of shape? What tells you he should witness your humiliation? We know the clever people in books say there IS no humiliation, that it's natural and beautiful and should, therefore, be brought into the open and shown to everyone, especially your husband. But you know that's wrong! You can see the logic of it, but what's logic when your feelings tell you something quite different? And what DO your feelings tell you? That whatever the clever people say, it IS ugly, it IS humiliating, it IS grotesque, hideous and degrading. So you say to yourself: "There must be something wrong with ME. THEY say it's beautiful, so it MUST be beautiful. And if it's beautiful HE'LL find it beautiful. Or will he? Yes, they must be right. They're such clever people." So you force all your

feelings out, grit your teeth and invite your husband in.

But he doesn't find it beautiful. He agrees with you, though he doesn't dare to say so. He also finds it hideous, grotesque humiliating and degrading. Perhaps he doesn't even tell himself so. But it soon shows. He hates himself for putting you in such a position and his hatred overflows on you. He finds it hard to face you after that. He can't say why, maybe he doesn't know, but everything's different. And both of you go on saying to one another how beautiful it was.

If only you'd followed your instincts. They're always right. If only he'd followed his, which were to stay away. But you'd both read what the clever people had to say, and it seemed so logical, the people who reason instead of allowing themselves to feel. And you both applied reason to yourselves against all your instincts.

The clever people aren't clever after all, are they? ●



BY WENDY PEACH



In the beginning man was alone upon the earth. He had pleasure in the earth and everything in it, but he had no great bond with the earth. His only bond was with his God and creator, Jehovah.

So Jehovah gave him a being with whom he could form a bond, an earthly link, and He gave him the link, which was the pure physical joy of human love. He gave him a woman. And there was joy in man's earthly bond with the woman, but it was subject to the joy of his spiritual bond with Jehovah.

Now man had a choice; whether to remain part of Jehovah and leave his destiny to the decision of his creator, or whether to cast off from Him and choose his own destiny. Had he done the first there would have been no human game, no contest, no battle of wills between Jehovah and Lucifer over the destiny of man, for man would never have left Jehovah's sanctuary and ventured out into the perilous desert of free choice. So he had to cast off. And when Jehovah created Eve for him, the two great Gods came to an agreement, that Lucifer should take over the soul of Eve so that she should become His chief weapon in the game.

Jehovah was loth to see His beloved creation go, loth to see him drawn out of the sanctuary which He had made for him, to be tested by the terrors of His conflict with the Lord Lucifer. But it had to be, and through Eve did the Serpent, Lucifer's most subtle agent, strike.

And Adam fell, because he had to be tried and Jehovah's creation proved. And his fall was thus:

Jehovah was his God, the source of all joy to him. On its own the ability to choose his destiny was no temptation to him. He remained with Jehovah. But the presence of Lucifer manifested in the body of Eve, was utterly different. She with the subtlety of that God within her, could rule him, sway him, lure him, tempt him and eventually make him turn from Jehovah to her, and with her he had the power of choice. And he turned. He obeyed her instead of the commandment of his God. He followed her will in preference to Jehovah's, and through her he chose to choose his own destiny.

The game had begun. Lucifer had a foothold and man was in the desert.

Since Adam had chosen to create his own destiny, he and not Jehovah his creator had to father the race of mankind. Through his bond with the earth, his union with Eve, with which through Lucifer's guile he had chosen to replace Jehovah, he had to populate the earth. That was the game. And Jehovah, through men as Adam fathered them, would help to steer the race along the path of its own salvation, whilst Lucifer, through women as they came from Eve, would attempt to lure it further from its path, binding men more and more firmly to the earth, to their bodies, to the worship of themselves and thus to their rejection of Jehovah.

And so it was. And Eve and her kind were powerful in their work. Kindling fires in the bodies of men and acting as constant mirrors for their vanity. And Lucifer began to steal the souls of Jehovah's creations. And men were divided; some followed Jehovah and remained pure, and others followed Lucifer and the wiles of women, and lust ruled their minds and bodies.

Now the race had to be propagated. The game was under way and man must prove himself as a creation or be destroyed. But Jehovah ensured from the beginning that the punishment for his original rejection should follow him in the very context of his sin, so that he should not forget. Even within the law that Jehovah gave to man, the act of union between a man and a woman reminded him of his fall and brought guilt and shame upon his head. And at the same time women gave birth in pain and degradation, for they too had to feel the punishment of Eve, who lured Adam into becoming independent of his God and master of his own destiny.

So man procreated. By his rejection of Jehovah he took upon himself the task of propagating his own species. And since he had made the choice and the game had to be played out, Jehovah played His part as well and fought the battles of those who did not forget Him, and helped and encouraged them to spread and multiply, so that He and not Lucifer should have command of the earth. But always through the shame, the agony and the humiliation of sex and procreation, He kept humanity reminded of its fall from grace.

And so it was. Man chose to choose and suffered the consequences; a gnawing conflict within himself. And those who followed Eve, not for the sake of the propagation of the race, but solely for the pleasures and delights she gave their bodies, they were the people of Lucifer, and through them he sought to prove Jehovah's creation invalid. And those who felt and recognised for what it was the shame of the union with Eve, and entered into it only for the sake of populating the earth with followers of Jehovah's law, they were Jehovah's people, and through them he planned to prove His creation valid.

And the conflict raged and the game went on.

And in spite of everything Jehovah did, all the pressures He brought to bear upon humanity, even to the point of destroying the entire creation except for one tiny group of those who followed Him, in spite of all His threats and punishments for sin, Lucifer prevailed. Men became less and less aware of their creator and more and more conscious of themselves and their bodies. The legacy of Eve's seduction was stronger than the memory of Jehovah. And so long as man worshipped woman, he worshipped himself. Such is the way of women, for they belong to Lucifer. And so long as man worshipped himself he felt the need to subjugate others and bend them to his will, in order to prove himself to himself.

AND SO IT WAS, AND THERE WAS WAR •

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE PROCESS Coffee Lounge has been ceremoniously
handed over by Lord Lucifer to His Satanic Majesty and is now
SATAN'S CAVERN

Balfour
Place w.1

THE
PROCESS

Coffee Lounge

Tel 493.4741/2

Indulge

Come &

Indulge

Indulge

& Indulge

Seventh Heavens
satisfy

Did you know that
a Cloud Nine is
eatable?

Closed all day
Thursday

Open every day
11am-11pm & until
4am Sunday



Avoid the difficult choice
between GOD and the DEVIL
Settle for neither and join the
CHURCH of ENGLAND
which is sponsored exclusively
by the Grey Forces

Our Dynamic Spiritual Leader

Partake in a miracle. Every Sunday without fail miracles are taking place in churches all over England. Yes, miracles; thousands and thousands of people who live lives that are conspicuous for their greyness, self-indulgence, purposelessness, compromise and petty resentments, who spend most of their week blaming, justifying and taking the easy way out, are managing to convince themselves on Sunday that they are following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

We ourselves have no idea how this is done.
It remains one of the eternal mysteries.

Praise be to GOD

In the C of E we provide a concept of God to suit all tastes. We pride ourselves in being able to accommodate even the most confirmed atheist. Humanists are no problem whatever.

Glory be to MAN

We give full licence to every possible distortion of the truth. All sins are fully condoned long before they are committed. Not even a confession is required for total absolution.

Amen

Abortions encouraged,
or, at worst, tolerated
but no actual facilities
provided.

All forms of contraception allowed.
Adultery, premarital intercourse,
extra-marital intercourse, sodomy,
rape and sexual perversion forgiven
with minimum inconvenience to the
unfortunate transgressor.

**I'M FREE--
FREE!!**

**'mistakes'
ignored
Amen**

SOMETHING'S...GONE
WRONG! I CAN SENSE
SOME NEW, POWERFUL
ALIEN FORCE ENTERING
MAN'S MIND--ADDING TO
HIS OWN NATURAL
RESISTANCE!

Patrons are
requested to
maintain respectable
facades in public,
particularly at
Church functions and
in the Church
premises.

Note well

We have achieved the
ultimate miracle of
fitting a square peg
inside a round hole.

suppression

Dea

All kinds of
sexual activities,
legal or illegal,
viewed with the
same unbiased,
unprejudiced,
broadminded, up-
to-date, rational,
'honest to God',
academic,
theoretical,
total indifference.
Total suppression
is preferred for
the sake of appearance.

Amen



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CORRESPONDENCE

Your correspondence, whether for us or against us, is welcome. But don't send long argumentative letters, we have no intention of publishing them. If you have a point to make, kindly make it.

Dear Sir,

I know you won't print this letter, but I want you to know I think you're evil, straight from the Devil. And whenever I see your magazine on sale anywhere, I make the sign of the Cross.

Anonymous

Ed. The Cross too is ours. Christ is the Son of Jehovah the great God of this Universe. Take heed before defiling his symbol with your puny fear. He was not afraid.

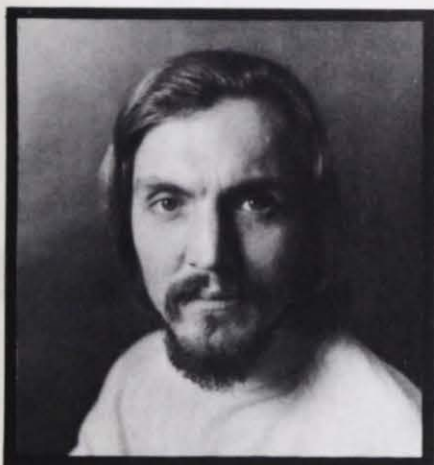


Dear Sir,

Are you seriously suggesting an alliance between God and the Devil to bring about the end of creation? If so, by what benighted kind of logic do you arrive at this conclusion?

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS OGLETHORP
(Student of Theosophy)
London, N.W.1.

Ed. No logic. God given knowledge.



Dear Sir,

I read your magazine for the first time today and think it's the most wonderful thing that ever happened. The picture of Robert de Grimston sent me reeling. I've never seen a face with such impact. It's Christ come again was my first thought. And then what he said. Where can I find him please? I want to give up everything and just follow him if he'll have me.

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH SMITH.
Roundhay Road,
Leeds.

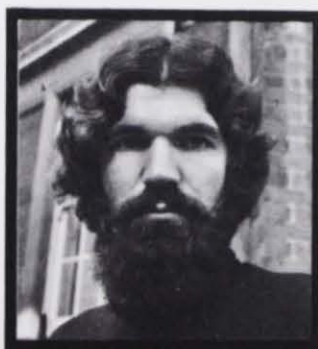


Ed. Robert de Grimston is the founder of The Process. He has just left Israel for Turkey, but is due in London late autumn. In the meantime we of The Process will welcome you at Process House.

....Ooh, you lovely lot, beards, long hair and all. I don't know what you are talking about but I'm with you. Can I have the one who looks like Rasputin. I much prefer him to Mick Jagger.

Valerie, London, S.W.5.

Ed. Sorry, Valerie, you can't have him because a) we need him ourselves and b) we're the most bloody-minded and fanatical bunch of puritans in the business.



GREY MATTER Revelations!

The physical side of marriage calls for more than mere adjustment ... Do not be discouraged, therefore, if the ideal success outlined in the books you may have read together is not achieved in the first few weeks ... If success and full happiness elude you after a year or so of marriage, then consult your doctor or your local Marriage Guidance Council.

A Church of England booklet

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US

↓ THE JAGGER SAGA

Mick Jagger says we could be dangerous.

DR. SAVUNDRA says we're brilliant.
Nice man

MICK JAGGER says WE could be dangerous?

RICHARD HARRIS (he's an actor) says we're full of bullshit. **We don't know him but his reputation suggests that he is talking to himself**

Mick Jagger says we could be dangerous. **COULD BE ?**

Richard Harris (he's still an actor) says we're anti-negro. **Bullshit**

Mick Jagger says we're fantastic. **Ah: that's better**

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
says we'll beat the establishment.

GREY MATTER 1. Is sex cricket? (from CofE booklet)

I compared the decision to the calls a batsman gives when making a stroke at cricket. He makes the stroke, then there are three possible calls he can give: 'Yes' if a run is possible, 'No' if it obviously is not, and thirdly 'Wait' to see how the position develops - and then possibly 'Yes' if the opportunity arises to take a run. I suppose these three words are the possible answers to many of our questions. Four years later my 'Wait' turned to 'Yes'.

2. Strong stuff (from Lord Arran) Homosexuals must continue to remember that while there is nothing bad about being a homosexual there is certainly nothing good.

3. From "Every girl's guide to marriage" by Evelyn Home

Emotion can help when it blows warmly positive, but when it blows cold, as emotion often does, it should be ignored. **Like dry rot?**

Our most recent publicity has come from a London magazine which shall be nameless (we are very selective about whom we publicise). They suggested we reply in one of their columns, and to oblige we sent the following epistle

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your generous four-page spread on us in your last issue. The two articles were as clear, lucid, comprehensible, intelligent, devoid of contradiction and confusion and as close to the truth as the bent minds of the two female weirdies you hired to write them.

Let's sum up our position for you.

The Process combines the worst aspects of both Nazi Germany and Communist China. Our methods bear a striking resemblance to the techniques of brainwashing and we incorporate all the components of an authoritarian regime. In fact, we are the most authoritative authoritarian, Nazi, Communist, brainwashing organisation in the business.

Members of The Process are both anarchist and fascist, dangerous megalomaniacs and brainwashed zombies (on alternate days?).

We are rabidly anti-intellectual and punish all deviators with ostracism, ridicule - particularly ridicule, nothing more ridiculous than someone deviating from The Process - and expulsion - of course, what else would we do with such trash? We can never make up our minds whether we are desperately keen to lure everyone into The Process or primarily concerned with keeping everyone out.

The Process is wholeheartedly anti-Semitic, hence all the swastikas (ignore the hammers and sickles), excluding of course all our Jewish members, of which our Fuehrer is one. Jehovah gets faintly bothered about this from time to time, but not to worry.

As a result of all this The Process makes countless enemies, draws persecution condemnation and legal action against itself from every side, and sustains frequent attacks by the press in many parts of the world, which of course makes it the safest, securest, cushiest niche in town, just the thing for people too scared to be part of the establishment.

One thing surprises us. Your two sleazy would-be exposers managed to invent so much other rubbish about us, but no sex? no orgies? no perversions? not one sex maniac amongst the lot of us? Or would this make us too acceptable to your readers?

Yours sympathetically,

The Secretary.
THE PROCESS.

NOW



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total

germany's most macabre magazine

**Germany's
most
macabre
magazine**

**sub (3 issues
only 10/-)**

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Design etc by TOTAL

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JEHOVAH
LUCIFER
& SATAN**

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EFFECTS**

**GREY FORCES
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THE POPE
THE ROYAL
FAMILY
SEX
HITLER
THE HIPPIES
DRUGS
BLACK MAGIC**

**COFFEE
LOUNGE
SATAN'S
CAVERN**

**TUESDAY · 7'00 PM · 5s.
WEDNESDAY · 7'00 PM · 5s.
FRIDAY · 7'00 PM · 7/6**



The Process has need of a strong dedicated Communist to take on all-comers in verbal free-for-all evenings with members of the public. We already have a Fascist, an Anarchist and representatives of various other extremist groups. But a real tough Communist with all the answers seems hard to come by. If you fill the bill, please apply to Christopher de Peyer, The Process address which is plastered all over this magazine.

Grey Matter

A previously undisclosed...
and to the rule book of one of
the most controversial...
which is devoted...
...the...
...the...
...the...
...the...

Contagious?

FILMS EVERY SATURDAY
PERFORMANCES 7.30, 10.00 & 12.30
ALSO SUNDAYS 7 & 9.30

**FILMS OF WAR
DEGRADATION
VIOLENCE
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SIN**

&

HORROR

At THE PROCESS
Balfour Place Mayfair W.1
Tel 493.4741/2



Are you tired of being a pawn of the Grey Forces?

Have you the courage to fight against mass mediocrity?

Would you like to spend half your life in heaven and half in hell, instead of all of it in limbo?

Are you sick of conforming?

Does your job give you a pain in the neck?

Would you like to live a life of maximum intensity?

Are you bored?

Did you know the Gods had returned?

Are you bored with being bored?

Would you like to join the alliance between Jehovah and Lucifer to oust the Grey Forces?

Is everybody around you beginning to take on the appearance of tire

Are you ceasing to care?

Are you rapidly losing confidence in everything?

Are you ready for a new lease of life?

Would you like to remove the murky blinkers that you wear as star from the Grey Forces?

Would you like to know the Universe instead of just one tiny corner rubbish dump?

Would you like to know the Gods?

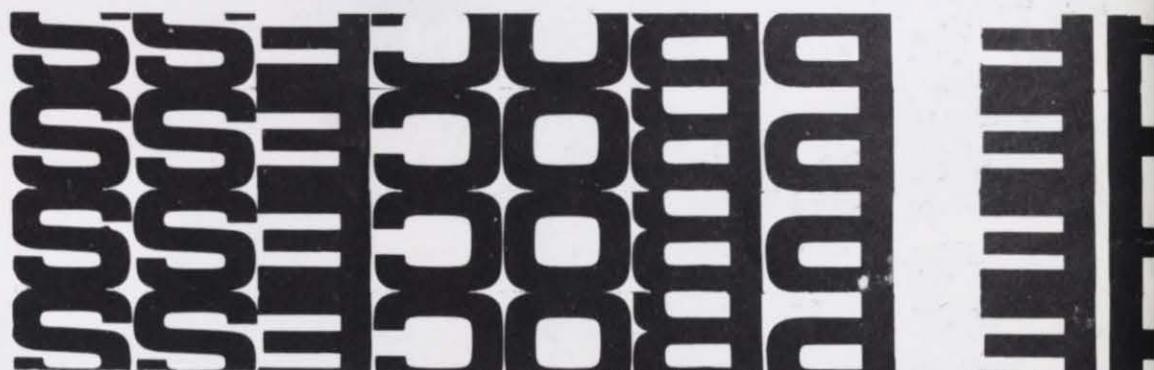
Would you like to know the truth?

Would you like to know ... ?



JOIN THE PROCESS

THE PROCESS PROGRESS COURSE



COMMUNICATION COURSE

IMPROVE YOUR COMMUNICATION

**Monday
7 - 10pm • Fee 1 guinea**



FREE EXPRESSION COURSE

INCREASE YOUR SELF-EXPRESSION

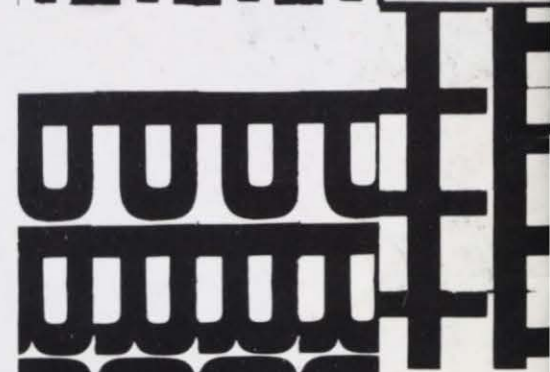
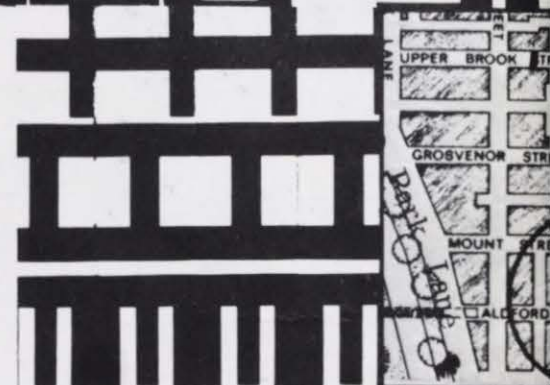
**Tuesday
8.40-10pm • Fee 1/2 guinea**



TELEPATHY DEVELOPING CIRCLE

EXPAND YOUR AWARENESS

**Wednesday
8.40-10pm • Fee 1/2 guinea**



BOO
Browse i

Enjoy yo
Gods of
Black M

You will
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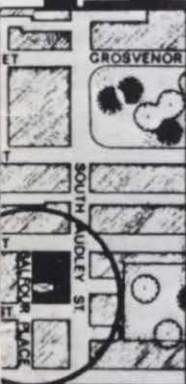
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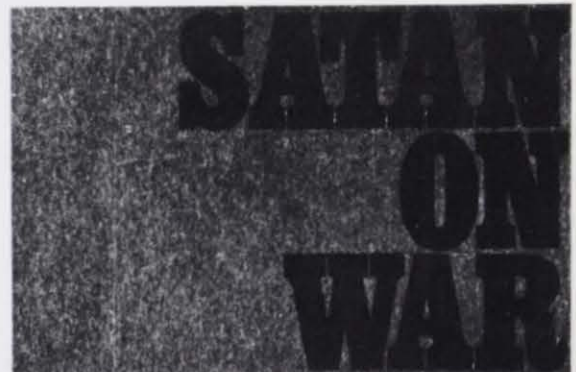
But now in the last days shall Man's cry be heard, and I, JEHOVAH, shall bestow upon My creation that which it craves, and in the ending of the world shall all the dams be broken and the floods shall rise upon the land, and the deluge of Man's hatred shall be unleashed and sweep across the face of the Earth. And man shall know the destiny that he has desired. He shall know the outcome of his cry for blood. He shall have his desire in abundance. I, JEHOVAH, shall bestow it upon him.

Mourn with Me the fate of the earth, the loss of the incomparable loveliness of all creation. Weep for the destruction of man and the end of the human game, the degradation of what could have been dignity itself, and the humiliation of supreme magnificence. Breathe sorrow for the wilful devastation of all living creatures, as they flee helpless before the inexorable avalanche of total WAR and are finally enveloped and consumed. Bemoan the victory of man's baser side and its legacy of ultimate disaster.

So man, waste no more time with crawling on your belly in the dust. Stand up and cast aside the trappings of a civilised facade. Throw off the cloak of meaningless respectability. Strip yourself bare to the roots of your bestial nature. Let the animal loose in you. Become as you are, the Beast, naked and proud, teeth bared and eyes aflame, your feet firm planted on the ground, your face towards your enemy. Release the fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and ruthless and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty.

JEHOVAH ON WAR

LUCIFER ON WAR



One guinea each

PROCESS

PROCESS PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

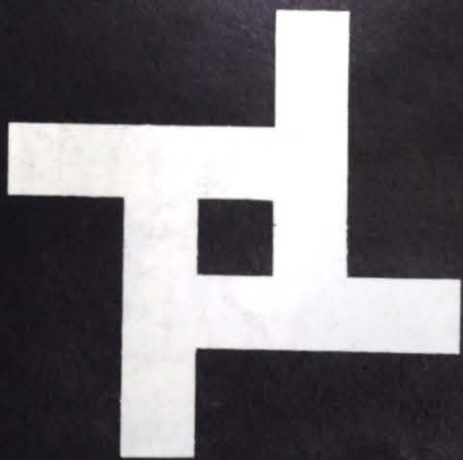
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yourself with the Mafia, Hitler, Mao-Tse Tung, Napoleon, The Space Age, The ancient Greece, Dr. Laing, Drug Addiction, Hypnosis, Psychology, the Occult, Magic, White Magic, The Great Beast, Life and Death, Brainwashing and War.

go away certain that we cater especially for Fanatical, Extreme, Religious, Jewish, Communist, Capitalist, Black and White Powered Nuts.

find, however, that if you want a cool clear look at what is really happening, we are much better advised to buy one of our own publications.

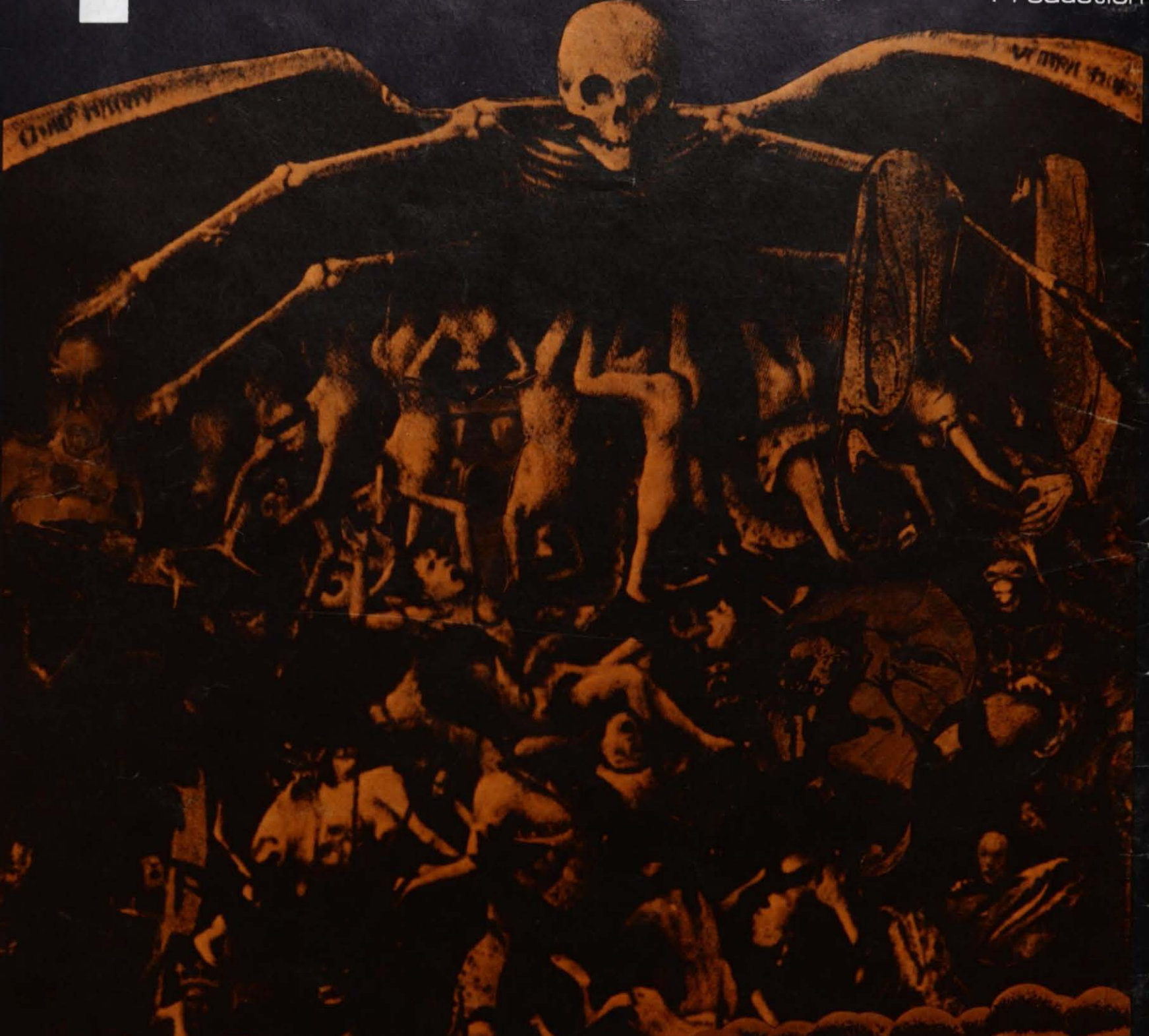




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Photography
Design
Production



What terrifies you above all else?
What threatens Mankind's survival?
Are the returning GODS stimulating
a reign of terror before the END?

NEXT ISSUE—FEAR